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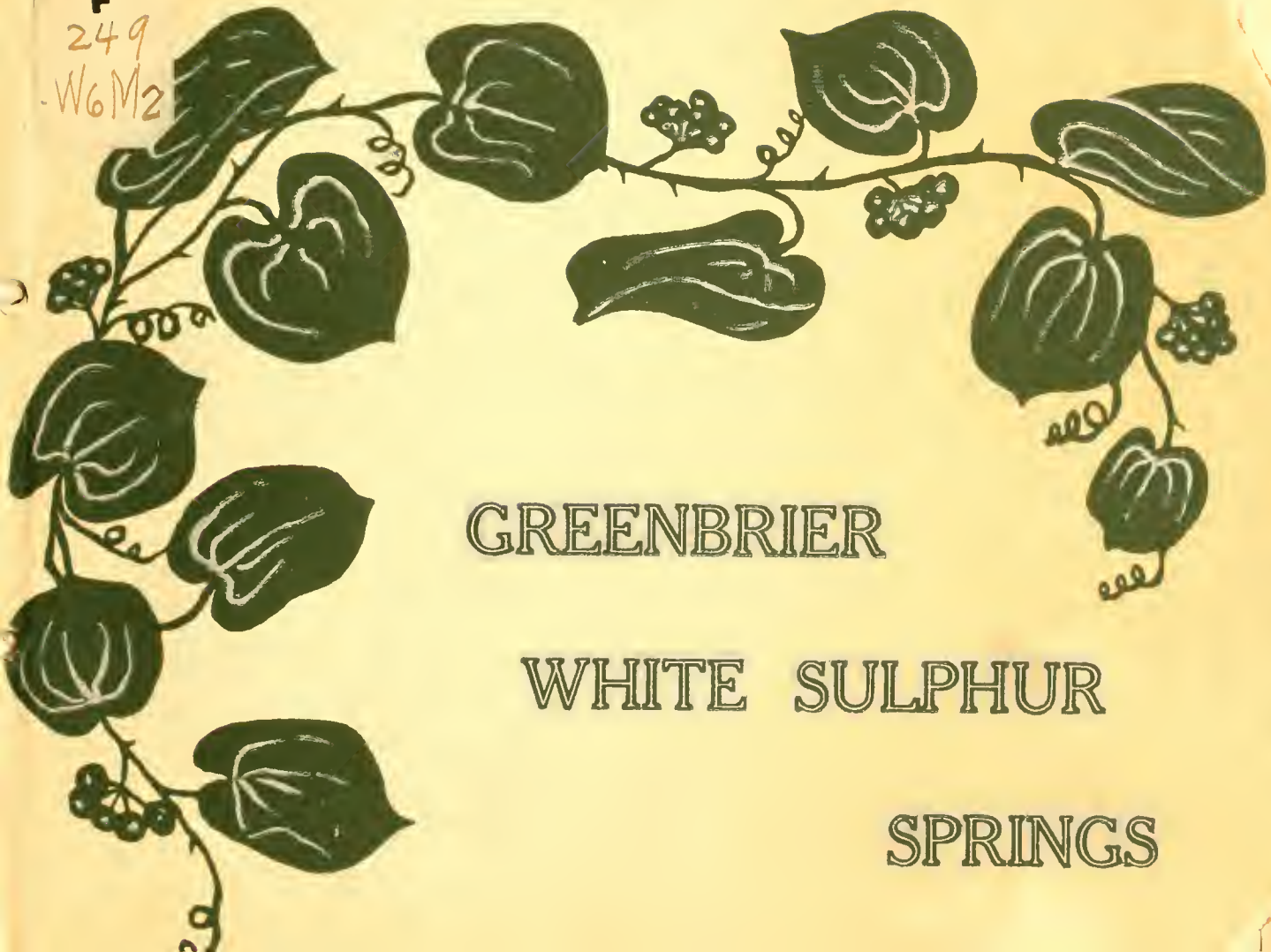

GREENBRIER

WHITE SULPHUR

SPRINGS

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Aubin A. McDowell.

White Sulphur Springs

AS KNOWN IN

HISTORY AND TRADITION

BY

Miss Aubin Aydelotte McDowell

LOUISVILLE, KY.

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BY
AUBIN AYDELOTTE McDOWELL

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

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THIS little book is affectionately dedicated to the hosts of friends of White Sulphur Springs.

Even as the shadows lengthen, as the days decline; so shall the endearing memories of pleasant hours spent at the beloved "Old White" extend into the far distant future.

AUBIN AYDELOTTE McDOWELL

PREFACE

The old Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, so famous in history and romance, the social Mecca for many years for the most noted men and women of the country, after a long and glorious career has taken on a new lease of life. A company composed of representative Virginia gentlemen has purchased the property and many improvements will be made by the opening of the next season. The hotel itself, a grand colonial building, will not be altered but the cottages will be remodeled and renovated, all the latest improvements introduced, and the beautiful grounds made even more picturesque; in short, nothing will be left undone to add to the lovliness and comfort of this paradise among the mountains.

Having filled the position of correspondent at these Springs for several seasons and become familiar with their beauties and attractions, having friends among the interesting people, who have been guests there year after year, it was particularly gratifying to me when these delightful men and women requested me to publish the letters written during the Home-Coming Centennial Season.

The writing of these letters was a labor of love, it was a pleasure to chronicle the gay happenings of the day which became the history of tomorrow and to express my appreciation of the gallant men and lovely women who made the hours pass so joyously. My heart was in the work which I now place before the public in this little book with the hope that those who have not visited this lovely health-giving resort or shared in the delightful life led by the guests may be made familiar with the charms of the most beautiful and historic resort of our country, the beloved, the famous Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs of West Virginia.

AUBIN AYDELOTTE MCDOWELL.

"This Castle Hath a Pleasant Seat; the Air Nimbly and Sweetly Recommends Itself upon Our Gentle Senses. Heaven's Breath Smells Wooingly Here."

White Sulphur Springs

1808 OLD AND NEW 1908

CENTENNIAL SEASON SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GREENBRIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, JUNE 27, 1908

THE greatest interest is manifested in the Centennial year of the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, familiarly called the "Old White."

Beautiful in age as some majestic matron of Virginia, who carries her years lightly, she will celebrate her one hundredth birthday and home-coming season this summer in an appropriately royal fashion, brilliant with social affairs, as becomes one so crowned with glory and honor. From 1808 to 1908 she has reigned supreme, the queen of American watering places. Presidents of the United States, Orators and Soldiers, Poets and Wits, famous Divines and learned Doctors, beauties and beaux, the best representatives of social, intellectual, professional and diplomatic circles of Europe and America have paid homage at her shrine, and still she wields her sceptre right royally. Set among the eternal blue of the mountains, bathed in golden airs, she corruscates like some glorious jewel on the hand of nature.

The famous old resort is situated upon the great Alleghany range of the Appalachian Mountains, twenty-five hundred feet above the sea. The details of its fame are well worthy of consideration.

Here one is carried back beyond the dawn of American civilization into realms of that vast Empire of the great Powhatan, whose influence extended far and wide, and whose history reaches backward into the mists.

As the colonies advanced in the seventeenth century, the Indians were driven farther and farther up the picturesque James River and back into the wilderness, until at last they found rest here to pitch their tents and build their wigwams. They heated stones and bathed in the stream of the sulphur water for rheumatism. Indian romance, indeed, was the origin of the old fountain. The legend was handed down and is gracefully told by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. Her honorable husband was a distinguished and direct descendant of Pocahontas, and they have been annual guests at the "Old White" for three score years.

One eventful day a brown-faced youth and Indian maiden were merry-making on the green, unmindful of aught but sport and pleasure, a stern old chieftain keeping watch from a distant peak, as a reproof for idleness, shot two arrows, one pierced the heart of the youth, the other missing aim, lodged in the bosom of the earth, and when drawn forth, the sulphur spring was discovered.

It is the influence of the lonely maiden that brings us back year after year, to drink of these charmed waters, for the story tells that her lover is not to be restored, until we sip the

last drop in the well. At the witching hour of midnight the winsome spirit flits about, and her footprints are traced by the tiny white blossoms that spring up in her pathway.

In 1751 General Andrew Lewis a man of brave and energetic character, made an excursion into this country. General Lewis afterwards became eminent in the history of Virginia, and was chief in command at the famous battle of Point Pleasant, October, 1774, where the Indian power in all this region was fully broken, and they were compelled to relinquish the entire country from the Alleghany Mountains to the Ohio River. Tradition says that this charming valley was once a favorite "hunting ground" of the proud Shawnees, who then owned and occupied this fair region, and the numerous graves and rude implements of the chase, that were found in various parts of the valley attest the truth of this legend. That a small marsh originally near the spring, was once a favorite deer and buffalo lick, was well known to the early white settlers of the country. The part of the property on which the White Surplur Spring rises was first patented under what was then called a "Corn Right" to Nathaniel Carpenter, one of the early pioneers. After Point Pleasant battle a small incursion of Indians took place. Carpenter reported to his captain and was subsequently killed by a band of marauding Indians. His wife "Kate" and her daughter, Frances, to escape from the Indians, were forced to hide themselves for some time on a neighboring mountain, which now, and ever since, has been called "Kate's Mountain," because Kate Carpenter so heroically defended her home.

Kate's Mountain with its old family legend is three thousand five hundred feet above the sea,

and one mile to the south. "Greenbrier" is the same distance to the west equal altitude. To the southwest are the mountains known as "White Rock," that consist of a series of elevations on the summit of which is discovered a striking resemblance to a human figure of gigantic size, which is the wonder and admiration of all visitors and has been named "Old Titan," or the "Giant of the White Sulphur," who mythology tells fell in one of the battles of the gods and was converted by Terra, the Goddess of the Earth, into this huge adamantine mass.

The name Greenbrier White Sulphur originated from a thorny green vine, that grows in abundance about the banks of the Greenbrier River, from which the picturesque stream, also the mountain and county of Greenbrier are called.

It is believed that a Mrs. Anderson, the wife of one of the oldest settlers, was the first white person who tested the medicinal virtues of the spring. In 1778 this lady being afflicted with rheumatism, was borne on a litter from her home, fifteen miles away, to White Sulphur, where a tent was spread for her protection from the weather and a bathing tub provided by felling and excavating a huge tree that grew hard by. Here she remained until she entirely recovered, drinking from the old fountain and bathing in the water, previously heated in the trough by hot rocks. The fame of this cure soon spread abroad. Accordingly, in 1779, and from that date to 1783, there were annually a few visitors, who dwelt in tents immediately around the spring, with the rude trough for a bathing tub.

In 1784, 1785 and 1786, numerous "log cabins" were erected, not one of which is now remaining.

There is nothing more pathetic than to take a little jaunt out under the blue heavens to the quiet "God's Acre," where lie and dream forever all that's mortal of those brave "primitive dwellers in tents"; surrounded by their sturdy descendants of more enterprising spirit who went on progressing until log cabins had exhibited a neat and flourishing village.

"Sweet vale of Greenbrier how calm do they rest
In the shade of thy bosom near those they love best."

Mr. Michael Bowyer, of Augusta County, Virginia, born in the vicinity of Staunton, was a prominent pioneer among the early settlers here. In 1775 he married Frances Carpenter, daughter of Nathaniel and Kate Carpenter, and subsequently came into possession of the White Sulphur Springs. Mary Bowyer, a daughter of Michael and Frances Bowyer, and granddaughter of Kate Carpenter, was born in 1781 and married in 1797 to Mr. James Caldwell, an enterprising sea merchant of the city of Baltimore, Mr. Caldwell having removed to this neighborhood in the year 1795. Michael Bowyer died early in the nineteenth century and this vast landed estate was bequeathed to his heirs comprising the following: Thomas Bowyer, Luke Bowyer, William Bowyer, and James Bowyer, including his daughters and sons-in-law, James Frazier, William Herndon, James Caldwell and William Bedford.

Mr. James Caldwell bought the Bowyer interest in this property, and in 1808 first established a hotel at White Sulphur, he caused to be erected a long, two-story building with a veranda ex-

tending the entire length and in close proximity to the spring. This building is now occupied by the postoffice, Adams Express Company, jewelry shop, millinery, dressmaking, general store, and tailor shop. James Caldwell became proprietor and sole owner of this estate in the year 1816, the last transfer having been deeded the 16th day of November, 1816, with William Bedford and Frances Bowyer, his wife, of the one part, and James Caldwell and his wife Mary Bowyer, of the other part.

In a secluded spot near the entrance to the park of most wonderful natural beauty, Mr. Caldwell built his family cottage, the terraced gardens surrounding this villa still evidence the skill of the landscape artist, and the time-worn, unique summer houses invite strolling lovers to pause beneath the repose of their wild, clinging vines.

Representative people of wealth and influence, attracted by the favorable surroundings and health-giving waters, came here from throughout the Southern states and built the picturesque villas still scattered about the grounds. Accompanied by their families they returned summer after summer, with coach and four, with liveried attendant and rigorous etiquette. Each group of cottages has its own name: Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia Row, Florida, Baltimore, Paradise, and Louisiana Row.

The three-story colonial cottages, owned by General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, Judge Manning, of the United States District Court of Louisiana, later Minister to Mexico, and Senator Singleton, of Mississippi, were built upon the most commanding height and afterwards used as the hotel.

It was here that the most famous statesmen of their day were wont to gather. It was at the "Old White" the Presidents of the United States, from the time of Washington, spent their annual vacations, occupying the "President's Cottage," of stately colonial architecture, yet remaining intact and commanding the most picturesque situation. There were the Rives, Lewises, Prestons, Floyds, Henrys, Cabells, Fairfaxes, Barbours, from Virginia; the Carrolls, Calverts, Howards, and McHenrys, from Maryland; the Calhouns, Sumters, Pickenses, and Hamptons, of South Carolina; the Clays, Marshalls, Breckenridges, and Crittendens, of Kentucky; Websters, Choates, Adamses, and Pierces, of New England; Tom Corwin, Ewing, Trimble and Thurman, Ohio; Cass and Benton and Douglas of the far West, and a host of others famous in American history.

It has been said that "The illustrious dead are like the stars of heaven that reflect themselves in the bosom of the ocean." Assuredly since creation's dawn the great ocean of humanity has never reflected a more princely roll than those signatures that are still to be seen on the musty old pages of the hotel registers.

It was away back in 1837, when the Whig party held an important conference here, that we find in almost feminine handwriting "H. Clay, Kentucky, while among the next day's arrivals, are "Rufus Choate, Massachusetts; Thomas Corwin, Ohio; William C. Rives, Virginia, and Millard Fillmore, New York."

It was the 4th of July, 1854, that Franklin Pierce, then President of the United States, arrived at White Sulphur and stayed six weeks. It was a lovely summer afternoon, when the Concord

coach, in which the President and his wife rode, drawn by six white horses with plumes on their heads, rolled up in front of the old hotel, while the band on the lawn played "Hail Columbia," and the guests on the piazza cheered a welcome to the Chief Magistrate of the Nation. It was also here that the Governor of North Carolina, over a White Sulphur julep, made that historic remark to the Governor of South Carolina, "It is a long time between drinks," which has been continually repeated ever since by their successors.

President John Tyler married Miss Julia Gardner, a distinguished beauty of Virginia, and a famous belle of the Old White, and here spent their honeymoon in that most ideal spot—the Presidents' Cottage. Madam Jerome Bonaparte once visited the Springs.

Mr. James Caldwell, born 1773, died in 1851. In the spring of 1853 this estate, having been greatly enlarged by the purchase of adjoining territory, making its entire area upwards of 7,000 acres, was sold to a company of Virginia gentlemen by William H. McFarland, Trustee for William B. Caldwell, Henry Caldwell, and other heirs, children, and grandchildren of James Caldwell; by their deed of the 22d day of November, 1853, for the sum of $600,000. The deed was conveyed the 18th day of April, 1854, to the company composed of the following: Jeremiah Morton, Matthew F. Maury, R. H. Maury, Allen T. Carpenter, Alexander K. Phillips, A. F. D. Gifford, James Hunter and J. Warren Slaughter.

The White Sulphur Springs Company made various and important additions and improvements, including the purchase of all the cottages, and in 1858, completed in the center of the valley the

largest hotel building in the country, second to none in the United States. Saratoga was a mere village in 1850, and Newport unknown.

The Prince of Wales, now King of England, was the guest of honor at the White Sulphur during the season of 1859.

The glories of Greenbrier were dimmed for a time by the ravages of the war between the States and this place was used for hospital headquarters, first by the brave sons of the South and afterwards by the Federal soldiers. Miss Emily Mason, a noble Virginia woman and a devout Catholic, was appointed matron. She not only proved to be the most distinguished Florence Nightingale of the Old Dominion in those strenuous years, but by her tactful management and her potent personality, saved the White Sulphur hotel and surrounding cottages from injury and destruction. This brave woman frequently visited Rome later in life, and was an honored friend of Pope Pius IX and Pope Leo XIII. Miss Mason reached the end of life's journey the Centennial year of the cherished "Old White" at the ripe age of ninety-six—for her, indeed, a blessed homecoming into her heavenly mansion.

In August, 1861, the brave Southern troops were encamped amid and around this beautiful Greenbrier Valley.

The large drawing room was used as headquarters by Generals McCausland, Pegram, Maury, Wise, and Floyd. Col. C. Q. Tompkins, a retired West Point officer, was appointed by Governor Letcher in command of battalion dress parades. It is reasonable to suppose that the medicinal

properties of the sulphur waters were of great advantage to the soldiers, and it is a well known fact that after the army horses had tested the spring they refused to drink any other waters. Colonel John Schoonmaker was in command of the Federal troops at White Sulphur during the Civil War.

Early in 1866 Colonel George L. Peyton and others leased the Springs and formed a new joint stock company with George L. Peyton in charge of affairs. Extensive improvements were made during Mr. Peyton's reign, including a large race course and the artificial lake "Rosalie," the latter named in honor of his lovely daughter. The prestige of the Old White for all that is elegant and refined was at once restored and the time-honored custom of the old-fashioned "Treadmill" was revived.

Evening after evening the brilliant company of fair ladies and courtly gentlemen would assemble in the large drawing room to greet friends upon their more recent arrival, and look over the copy of the hotel office register (which was daily placed in the parlor). All the guests would participate in the alluring promenade or Treadmill around and around the grand salon until entrancing music from the great ballroom announced the hour for "The White Sulphur Riley," a stately dance somewhat after the graceful minuet and belongs exclusively to the "Old White," never having been danced nor heard of in any other summer resort. It was in the memorable year of 1867 the brilliant galaxy of the great and good ex-Confederates met at White Sulphur, Generals Robert E. Lee, Beauregard, Joseph E. Johnston, Pegram, Hood, and ex-President Jeffer-

son C. Davis, Mr. George Peabody, Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the Minister of Turkey, and many other distinguished guests.

One of the most touching and beautiful incidents in the history of the Old White was the first visit made there by Gen. Robert E. Lee after the close of the Civil War in 1867.

It was not definitely known when he was to arrive and the guests, more than one thousand in number, were on the quivive to welcome the adored Commander of the Southern army. When the glass doors opening on the long veranda were thrown open and he entered the dining room through the doors directly in the centre, every man, woman and child rose at once and at the breathing of his name a silence more eloquent than speech pervaded the enormous apartment. The old, the young, the belle, the beau, the white-haired elder, and the stately matron bowed low before the great general, the spurless knight of a cause which though lost was sacred.

It was during the season of this same year that the glorious ball was given at the "Old White" in honor of Virginia's illustrious chieftain, General Robert E. Lee. It was proudly estimated that over five thousand people assembled to do him homage.

The reception committee of brilliant women and patriotic men filled the stately drawing room, while the grand ball-room and large dining hall (the latter being 300 feet in length and 140 feet wide) were decorated and arranged for the vast company of gay dancers who also crowded the galleries extending all around the immense building.

A few days later General Lee held a reception in the large drawing room. Here several thou-

sand of his old soldiers filed by their commander, entering by one door at the end of the gallery and passing out by the other. As he grasped their rugged hands and marked the halt, the blind, the lame passing reverently before him, the tears that filled his eyes and flowed down his cheeks were voiceless but eloquent tributes to his love for the soldier of the South. This was a glorious season in the annals of the Old White, and those who were present have shrined it apart as a sacred and beautiful memory.

William Bannister, the intelligent and faithful porter of Baltimore Row, delights in telling that General Robert E. Lee occupied cottage letter G in Baltimore the last three summers of his earthly holidays. President Grant, Senator Carlisle, and President Arthur, with four of his Cabinet, en route to Louisville, Kentucky, were in their time guests in Baltimore Row during their visits to the Springs.

"The White" was a favorite resort of General Lee, and his friends love to recall his last visit and affectionate farewell, as he mounted his faithful war horse "Old Traveller," and rode away. "Traveller" was born near Blue Sulphur Springs in West Virginia, and was purchased by General Lee from Major Thomas L. Broun. It is said he needed neither whip nor spur, and would walk his five or six miles an hour over the rough mountain roads, with his rider sitting firmly in the saddle.

And! when the "Old White" had evolved four-score years, another memorable ball was arranged in honor of the Governor of North Carolina. The guests from that noble old State contributed five thousand dollars towards the expense of this grand affair.

Baltimore Row

"The Presidents' Club" that was instituted by prominent men guests who were occupying the President's Cottage the summer of 1880, soon grew into a large organization. An all-day "jubilee" was held during the home-coming season, and the anniversary feast was prepared and served by the members within the cottage hall.

The Irish Club, composed of younger men, was organized in the Caldwell Cottage, situated inside the park, very near the rustic summer house where the musicians were wont to assemble for the morning and afternoon concerts. The romantic park which is traversed by walks and furnished with seats in shady nooks, is frequented by young men and maidens as shown by the names of the walks. "Lovers' Walk," which naturally leads to "Hesitancy" and "Courtship's Maze," conducting either to "Lovers' Rest" or "Lovers' Leap."

This magnificent estate was again sold in the spring of 1880. Immediately after getting possession the owners proceeded to make valuable alterations and additions to the property. The new improvements thus far completed a four-story wing attached to the main hotel, in which is located a large and comfortable office, ladies' reception room, reading rooms, private dining rooms, etc.

William A. Stuart, John P. Branch, A. S. Buford, J. H. Dooley, Lessees. Major B. F. Eakle, and Colonel Harrison Phoebus, Superintendents. In 1894 Julian T. Burke, John S. Lemon, John W. Harris, Trustees for the Dulaney estate, came into possession of White Sulphur Springs. Superintendents: Mrs. E. A. Eubank, 1895; Levi Scoville, 1896-1898; Harrington Mills, 1899-1903; George A. Mills, 1904-1908.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

GREENBRIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA, JULY 4, 1908

"OLD White Sulphur!" Thou need'st not fear to take thy place even by the century that boasts of Bath, Carlsbad or Baden-Baden, nor by the century that vaunteth Monte Carlo, Weisbaden and Trouville, making obeisance and giving way to none other claim than thine own, whence all others take flight.

On Sunday services are held at three churches on the grounds. St. Thomas' Episcopal Chapel is a picturesque edifice erected in the year 1885 by liberal subscriptions to Bishop Peterkin. The Rev. Dr. Mason contributed the plat of ground when the Springs were sold in 1880. This church is adorned with handsome memorial gifts. One of the most beautiful is a large, richly stained glass window at the rear of the chancel, "Mary sat at the feet of Jesus and heard His words." This is in memory of Mary Henry Jones, of Richmond. A marble tablet, another memorial of Mary Henry Jones, was placed there by Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington.

There is an exquisite window in memory of the two infant sons of Bishop Peterkin, "In loving memory of John Stewart, aged four years, and his brother, Marion McIntosh. Thou hast made even infants to glorify thee by their death."

An artistic piece of statuary is a kneeling angel holding a shallow basin, which serves as a font, and was presented by Mrs. John Stewart, of Brook Hill, Richmond.

The well built Methodist house of worship was established in the year 1855, by the residents of the neighborhood and is maintained by a large membership in addition to handsome contributions from the guests of the Springs.

St. Charles, Church of Rome, built upon the highest and most imposing position, commands magnificent views in every direction. In 1896 Henry C. Stewart gave the plat of land and by the zealous work and faithful service of the Rev. Charles F. Schilpp, the church building was completed in 1898. Col. John McAnerney contributed largely to the furnishings, his gifts including the handsome altar, a memorial to his wife, Ellen Marshall McAnerney; he gave the frescoes on the walls and ceiling, the carpet, the pews and church bell. The Angelus is rung three times a day also, in memory of Col. McAnerney's wife.

Madame Durkee, of Paris, France, gave, as a memorial of her mother, Madame Alida Le Bourgeois, of New Orleans, who was interred here in 1897, very handsome vestments to Father Schilpp for afternoon and morning services. The elegant cloth for the Virgin's altar is an exquisite work of art, beautifully embroidered in gold. The chalice is of solid gold and the cruets of cut glass.

The clergy have always had a warm spot in their hearts for the Old White and many of the most eloquent and popular members of the Cloth have been guests there season after season. Bishop Peterkin, of the Diocese of West Virginia, began his visits here in August, 1885, and has continued them ever since, much to the delight of his host of friends. The Rev. and Mrs. J. S. Gibson, of Huntington, West Virginia, have been here in September begining with the year 1891. Dr. Gibson is a delightful man and it would be hard to find a more attractive woman than his wife. She is very handsome with bright dark eyes, hair slightly powdered with gray, and winning manners that have endeared her to all so fortunate as to make her acquaintance.

August 17, 1904, Senator Henry Gassaway Davis was officially notified that he was the nominee of the Democratic party for Vice-President of the United States. Mr. Davis accepted the nomination in a brief speech reviewing the political situation, echoing the sentiments of Judge Parker on the money question and expressing the determination to be successful in the campaign. Congressman John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, chairman of the committee by the St. Louis Convention, delivered the notification address.

The ceremonies were held on the lawn of the White Sulphur Springs Hotel, which affords a natural amphitheatre, the ground sloping up from the speakers' stand on all sides and sheltered by the giant, spreading oaks. Several thousand enthusiastic Democrats had assembled from Virginia and other States. The famous Stonewall Brigade Band, of Staunton, Va., organized by General Jackson, played stirring airs. Mr. Williams remarked the night before, that after being

with Mr. Davis all day he had a vague suspicion that in some way the Senator had found out in advance of his notification that he had been nominated for the Vice-Presidency.

The Chesapeake and Ohio is the direct and only all rail route passing the White Sulphur Springs. "It needs no telling" that aside from the unsurpassed natural scenery of plain and upland of the unending water views, the travel through the Virginias is everywhere historic and interesting. The plains and valleys and mountains are thickly sown with battlefields that are known the world over. The scenery in the vast mountains of the State is bold and grand beyond any other eastern section. The eternal ranges follow each other in great billows over that wide ocean of upland reaching from the Blue Ridge to the Ohio. The mountain section of the road is nearly three hundred miles and there is no other comparable to it on any railroad east of the Rockies.

Mr. George W. Stevens, of Richmond, Va., President of the great Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, is recognized throughout the United States as having few equals and no superiors. He has brought the C. & O. up to a standard which speaks eloquently of his ability. Mr. Stevens is beloved by his employes for his kind consideration, and is always ready to help the unfortunate. A man of quick perception, prompt action, and extraordinary energy. Mr. Stevens is a frequent guest of the Springs and the life and soul of our numerous social affairs. Above all, he is the sworn knight of the women—old and young—and may be relied upon to say something pleasant to or about them on each and every occasion.

A feature of the scenery about the neighboring mountains with their affluent glories is the

picturesque homes clustered around the "Old White" like jewels about the central stone. "Caldwell's Inn," a spacious colonial homestead, is an interesting landmark on the old turnpike. Coaching parties on the drive from White Sulphur to Lewisburg, are wont to stop over at this quaint half-way house where game dinners and suppers with a "mint julip" or "peach and honey" can be ordered throughout the season, to say nothing of the humors of mine host, Mr. Ashford Caldwell, the hospitable proprietor.

About four miles from the Springs is Mountain Home, conducted by the Messrs. and Misses Dixon, brothers and sisters, belonging to an honored family and immensely popular with the guests. Their suppers of fried chicken, corn pudding, waffles, coffee and other old Virginia delicacies are noted, and here the beaux and belles spend many a happy evening, the suppers being followed by dancing to the music of the banjo played by African experts.

Castle Ravensworth, whose name suggests a Southworth novel of old Virginia life, is three miles distant and is the summer home of the dignified widow of ex-Governor E. W. Wilson, of Charleston, W. Va. Mrs. Wilson has three lovely daughters, who assist her in dispensing a gracious hospitality. Miss Ashton, a perfect blonde with violet blue eyes; Willis, a radiant young woman with hazel brown orbs, and Nellie, the youngest, who is a debutante. Tea is served here every afternoon at five o'clock, and Ravensworth, with its hostesses is accounted one of the most popular places in the neighborhood.

High on the side of Kate's Mountain is the brick house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. E. H Bobbitt, a most agreeable young couple with their two handsome boys, E. H. Bobbit, the second, and curly haired Paul, aged one year. Other handsome sites in this paradise among the mountains are owned and occupied during the season by wealthy English capitalists who dispense a royal hospitality and drive daily to the Old White to participate in its gayeties.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

GREENBRIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA, JULY 11, 1908

"Who'er has traveled life's dull round
Where're his stages may have been
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

THEY have guests at the Springs now from all points of the country; the palms of the South bow to the pines of the North, and the red woods of the West to the delicate arbutus of the East.

It is good to witness this kind of fellowship on the soil of Virginia and to realize that where the thunder of guns and the charge of the infantry once took place, Peace now spreads her white wings under the shadows of the grand old mountains, that once frowned down on vast battle-fields.

The large central hotel, with its magnificent colonades and verandas wreathed in roses and hung with blossoming vines looms up against the purple background of the mountains. The buildings are in the old Colonial style, with spacious halls and grand stairways, lighted with electricity,

the hotel has elevator service, electric bells, etc. The drawing room is a palatial salon, half as large again as the celebrated East Room in the President's Mansion. The ball room is of the same dimensions as the parlor. The dining hall is more than three hundred feet in length and seats one thousand and two hundred people.

The extensive pleasure grounds, perhaps the largest in the country, are set with shrubs and flowers and swept by health-giving breezes. The vast lawn and grove are intersected with paths and drives along which are scattered one hundred or more pretty cottages literally embowered amid vines and plants clinging to the side of the mountains, and nestling in the shade of century-old trees.

Applauded is the management for the protection of the beauty and size of the stately pines and the oaks of grand proportions. What radiant shades of gold and green are seen upon them, as they cast flickering shadows over the wide grassy lawn, where rosy cheeked little folks disport themselves from dawn till sunset.

Just beyond the lawn proper, Howard's Creek flows through the gently undulating meadows of which a glimpse is enjoyed now and then through the boughs of elms and sugar-maples that grow upon its banks.

Outside the grounds nature is riotous with color, the mountain laurel or rhododendron is seen in great profusion along the mountain ways and in the park, and the gorgeous blossoms flaunt themselves in the sun, rosy and white as a dream of spring.

It is especially plentiful about the romantic spot called Lover's Leap, and the guests return from their walks and drives laden with masses of bloom.

A pathetic little story is told of the late Commodore Maury, who begged that when he died his body should be borne through the Goshen Pass of Virginia when the laurel was in bloom. Six months after his death this wish was religiously complied with, the body carefully preserved, was carried along the green ways of his cherished State, where the rose and white blossoms leaned over the coffin as it passed and scattered glistening daw, like the tears of angels, upon it.

The roster of delightful people promises to be a lengthy one this season, and a general gathering of families from all over the South whose ancestors never failed to come summer after summer.

There was hardly a noted man or woman of the country whose name is not inscribed on the ancient registers—the very atmosphere is historical. While the great ball room, the long galleries and the green lawns are redolent with memories of lovely women and chivalrous men, whose presence once cast a glamor over this glorious place. The aroma of the past still perfumes the groves, the echo of dancing feet lingers in the ballroom, the dim corners of the broad piazza still hear the lover's vow and hide the maiden's blush. At White Sulphur one may meet personally the descendants of these people in whom their gracious manners and forceful personalities are delightfully perpetuated.

The old patrons of the Springs, who resort here early, have engaged cottages and in a

few days grandfathers and grandmothers who first met and loved at the "Old White" will be seen on the breezy verandas of these dainty villas, surrounded by their children and grandchildren. Certainly there is no place where more or merrier of these household gods can be seen or where they can enjoy themselves with greater safety. The tremendous velvety lawns are their playgrounds, the band furnishes music for their dances and lawn parties, and watchful attendants look after their comforts.

White Sulphur was the fashionable resort for Southern beauty, chivalry and wealth in Colonial days when our loyal forefathers traced their pedigrees and bore their honors, as all derived from close connection with the princes and peers of the Old World.

It seems like coming home to be here, as you look around, you meet the smiling glances of the old servants who have waited on the guests year after year, and seem a part and parcel of the place. Only think of a parlor maid, who has seen twenty-seven years of service at this hotel; a chambermaid who celebrates her twenty-fifth anniversary; of ball room attendants twenty-nine years on duty and porters who have completely identified themselves and their interests with the place. One of the valued servitors at the Springs is Maria Adams who has been in the waiting room for nearly half a century and whose pleasant voice and respectful manners have made her a general favorite with the guests. Maria is one of the old school, faithful, attentive, a keen judge of character and always delighted to welcome her friends upon their annual visit to the Old White. Sam Rogers boasts of thirty-five years' service here, and William Bannister has been

a faithful servitor since 1867. Every employee of this place wears the green livery so suggestive of the Greenbrier Springs.

No American resort is so filled with historic associations as the "White." In his delightful novel, entitled "Their Pilgrimage," Charles Dudley Warner gives a most fascinating description of this famous resort, and when the ravages of the Civil War had dimmed its glories "Porte Crayon" wrote a series of breezy illustrated articles for Harper's Magazine, which completely revived the popularity White Sulphur had temporarily lost.

The old-timer here will delight you with stories and reminiscences of bygone days, when the social history of the South was made. He will tell you the romance of William K. Vanderbilt and his first wife, then Miss Alva Smith, a daughter of a proud old Southern family, came to the springs fair as some modern Cinderella among her more fortunate sisters. At a memorable ball she appeared gowned in a cheap black tarleton adorned with scraps of goldenrod, and in this attire she captured the heart and hand of the multi-millionaire.

The Cinderella of this story is now Mrs. Oliver Belmont and the mother of the Duchess of Marlborough.

The grand Old White, with its beautiful surroundings and brilliant social attractions, has been the scene of numberless romantic courtships. In fact, it has been poetically said that the fire flies that brighten the nights of summer are all the love words that have been breathed by generations of happy lovers. The Prather family, of Louisville, has always found a charm in these Springs, and

generation after generation have been guests here in the season. Somewhere in 1835 Mr. Thomas Prather, one of the oldest settlers in Louisville, and a leading citizen, came to White Sulphur to spend the summer with the elegant pleasure-loving gentlemen of the South. As this was prior to the era of stage coaches, Mr. Prather and his family travelled in their own coach and four, accompanied by a retinue of servants. With him was his son, Mr. William Prather, and a fair niece, Miss Penelope Pope. The former was suffering from a weakness of the eyes, and in order that time might not hang heavily on his hands, his beautiful cousin would read to him under the shadow of the grand old forest trees. She read of love and romance and her sweet voice fell like music on his ear. It is needless to add that the love story thus prettily begun culminated in their marriage. Since then the descendants of this interesting couple have made a pilgrimage to the Springs, the scene of this ante-bellum romance.

There are Mrs. Kate Prather Winston, one of the most agreeable and cultivated of women, to whom I am indebted for the little love tale; her bright and popular daughter, Mrs. Penelope Winston Allis, affectionately known as "Lady Winston" by her immediate friends, her dainty debutante daughter, Miss Margaret Allis, who will make her bow to society this winter. Mrs. Winston is the eldest daughter of the lovers so happily married years ago, and the picture of these three lovely women, representing three generations, is a charming one indeed.

Another much beloved member of the Prather family is Mrs. George Robinson Hunt, nee Mary Prather, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Prather, and one of the beauties of the

family. This lovely woman whose personal attractions are united with charming manners and brilliant intellect is the mother of two handsome daughters, Mrs. S. B. Hutchings and Mrs. George Weissinger Smith, and one son, Mr. G. R. Hunt, all of Lousiville.

Her granddaughter, Miss Elizabeth Hutchings, a chic stylish blonde of sixteen summers, will make her bow to society this year.

It was here also that that popular and elegant gentleman, Mr. Gilmer Adams, of Louisville, first wooed and won his handsome wife, nee Lettie Robinson, of his own city. Their courtship was one of the pretty romances of that summer at the Springs, and recollections of the sweet hours passed when life and love were young now serve as precious memories for their riper years. Mr. Adams naturally loves to come here and was at the Home-Coming, accompanied by his dainty blonde daughter of sixteen summers, Miss Jessie Adams, and his niece, Miss Louise Robinson, a sparkling brunette and a granddaughter of Mrs. John M. Robinson. They were welcome guests at the Old White and added not a little to the joyousness of the Home-Coming.

The late Mrs. George F. Downes, once beautiful Sallie Ward, of Kentucky, and a famous beauty of the United States, at one time wished to leave the springs quietly, so she slipped out of a side door to a carriage, enveloped in a long blue cloak. As she drove away some few of the spectators caught a glimpse of her and exclaimed, reproachfully: "Oh, Sallie, our queen of beauty, how could you do us so?"

Many stories are told of the belles and wits of this old place. One of those best known and

most admired was Miss Mattie Ould, of Richmond, afterward Mrs. Schoolcraft. Mattie Ould was one of the most famous of belles and beauties whose wit was only excelled by her personal loveliness and charm of manner and whose face still smiles down from the pictures that hang on memory's wall at White Sulphur where she reigned a queen of hearts. Her brilliant sayings are still repeated here. Among others, that an old gentleman being fascinated with her appearance, asked to be presented. She refused, having all the young beaux that she desired. It is said that one evening in the hall room this old admirer stood near. She dropped her glove. (The old man's name was Page.) He rushed forward and, picking up the glove, handing it to her, said:

"If from your glove you take the letter 'G,'"
Your glove is love, and that I bear for thee."

She turned, thanked him, and said:

"If from your name you take the letter 'P,'"
Your Page is age; that will not do for me."

At a dinner given in honor of Miss Virginia Triplett, a beautiful belle of White Sulphur, Miss Ould, when asked for a toast, charmingly replied: "Grace, beauty and wit make a fair triplett." Another time she was asked by a young girl which she should marry, a Mr. Wise or a Mr. Morrison. She replied, "Oh, hasten, sinner, to be *Wise*. Stay not for Tomorrow's Sun." (Morrison). To a Mr. Pace whom she disliked, boasting of his success, she said, "Oh, ill weeds grow a Pace."

A few summers ago when the venerable W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, was a familiar figure at "Old White," an interesting romance was told of a Bluegrass belle. A lady who was a visitor at the time told the story, and Mr. Corcoran showed her the letter:

"Dear Mr. Corcoran: What are a hundred dollars to you? Nothing. And yet they represent to me everything that is beautiful and delightful. With a hundred dollars I could go to White Sulphur. I could get muslin dresses, pretty sashes, a leghorn hat just loaded with flowers. And oh, I could get a Nile green silk ball gown and a white parasol and everything I would need to make me a belle. My grandmother and my mother have been belles there, and I do believe if I were just there I could be a belle, too. But how can I go without an outfit? Please, dear good Mr. Corcoran, send me this small sum and I will bless you all my life. I think I can get a pass and I am sure I can get a chaperone, but the outfit! Send very, very soon. You are so good I know you will. Your little friend."

Mr. Corcoran sent the check, the girl came, was a belle, and made a conquest.

If this old Southern resort could write the memoirs what readings we would have; volumes could be filled with tales about the bright sayings, the comedies and tragedies, the wits and sages, beauties and beaux who furnished the company in these halls long ago.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

GREENBRIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA, JULY 18, 1908

"THE man or woman who loves nature, loves the mountains best." Gay White Sulphur life begins like the gay summer season; joyous, blithesome, free and happy as the glorious queen of beauty, "Nature's own sweet summer."

The Old White is en fete this season, the occasion being its centennial year. Preparations are being made to celebrate the anniversary of so many seasons of triumph in an appropriate manner, and already the guests are hastening to the grand home-coming. The passing years seem but to enhance the popularity of the White Sulphur. All times are attractive at this historic old place, the one golden link yet remaining between the past and present, still embodying the gay brilliant life and generous hospitality, typical of the old South, added to its great natural advantages for the physical well-being as well as the enjoyment of the humankind. This week has been unusually gay. Besides the impromptu festivities constantly arising, a number of informal entertainments have been given. Cards are always in evidence, and the beautiful weather has made all out-door diversions a delight. Professor C. Victor Zebly, of Washington and Baltimore, who has presided over

this little kingdom of his own for twelve years has begun his dancing classes, and not the least enjoyable time of the evening is the children's hour in the ball room.

Representative people from all over the country, and even from Europe, are here, and it would be difficult to find a more brilliant array of gallant men and beautiful women and children.

Prominent among the guests are the Minister from Norway and his wife, Mr. Ove Gude and Madam Elna Gude, born in Stiernholm. They are accompanied by Mr. Skybak, first secretary of the Legation, and are great acquisitions to our circle. Both husband and wife have lovely voices, and entertain their friends most delightfully at their hospitable cottage. The Minister brought his own piano from Norway, while his wife is a wizard of the bow. Mr. and Mrs. Gude are so American in their manner and speech that you would never suspect they hail from the land of the reindeer and skii, of which King Edward's handsome daughter is Queen.

Mrs. John W. Beckley and her lovely daughters of Louisville, arrived this week and will take part in our Greenbrier home-coming.

Mrs. Beckley, with her brilliant and attractive daughters, Misses Florence and Georgie Beckley, are descendants from a long line of noble ancestors, namely, Beckleys, Pendletons, Masons, Admiral Semmes, Dandridges and Washington. George Washington's grandfather was their fifth great-grandfather. William Dandridge, father of Martha Washington, was the fourth great-grandfather.

Maj. J. A. McMullen, of Louisville, was an officer in the Civil War. He is an entertaining

talker. His father and three brothers, all of whom were officers, lost their lives in battle. President McKinley gave Maj. McMullen's two sons commissions in the regular army during the Spanish-American War. By special request they were allowed to wear their family swords. Maj. McMullen has been walking over the old battlefields, renewing memories of the war. He once brought several prisoners to the White Sulphur.

Sprightly little Clarice Hewitt Leavell, from the Falls City, is the guest of her aunt, Miss McDowell. This bewitching young damsel is a special pet at the Springs and the brag pupil of the professor of dancing. Her fifth great grandfather, Thomas Nelson, was an officer in the Revolutionary Army, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and Governor of Virginia in 1781.

Mrs. Sweat, a lady well known in Washington and beloved for her many admirable qualities, was the wife of a former member of Congress from Maine.

She still retains possession of her elegant old colonial home there, which is so filled with souvenirs of travel in many lands that it resembles a delightful museum of treasures. Thus possessing vast information, having been four times around the world, she is considered a most agreeable acquisition at the White Sulphur, where she is spending some time.

Mrs. Elizabeth D Van Culin, of Philadelphia, accompanied by her son, Mr. William T. Van Culin, is enjoying a visit here. Mrs. Van Culin's charming personality evidences her descent from the noted Du Puy and Trabue families, French Huguenots. She is also a descendant of the

Beaufort family, English Buford, the first of whom settled in Virginia in 1638. Her grandfather and his brothers fought in the Revolutionary War.

Captain Joseph Manigault, of South Carolina, who has been one of the regular habitues of the White more than three score years, and probably knows more of its history than any other person living, has returned for the present summer. Captain Manigault recalls with pride the "bons comrades" of Henry Clay, of Kentucky (who, if introduced to you today, would recognize and salute you by name ten years afterwards), when the great notable asked permission from the young lad of seventeen for a light from his cigar.

Professor Charles A. Graves, of the Law faculty of the University of Virginia, is here accompanied by his wife. Mrs. Graves was the daughter of Rev. Dr. J. L. Kirkpatrick, formerly of the Washington and Lee University.

Dr. R. W. Green, University of Virginia, is a familiar figure at the Old White. Dr. Green is a man of extensive travel, with a mind stored with intellectual riches, a feeling heart, simplicity of life, and elegance of taste.

Judge and Mrs. William H. White, of Richmond, left this week for a trip to Yellow Stone Park. They are splendid types of the cultured aristocratic Virginian.

Dr. R. C. Bryan, of Richmond, is physician here. He is a very dignified and agreeable man and has won honors in his profession. The medical profession of Richmond has another distinguished representative at the Springs in the person of Dr. George Ross, an annual guest here many years.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Potts, of Richmond, are here with their lovely debutante daughter and bright young son. Mr. Potts, one of the most courteous and affable of gentlemen, has recently been made General Passenger Agent at his old home in Richmond, while Mrs. Potts, an attractive woman of varied personal charms, is a general favorite with all the guests. As Miss Nell Potts has spent every summer of her life at the Springs, she might flatteringly be styled an adopted daughter of the "Old White." Young John D. Potts, the Second, is the pride and delight of the ball room.

Other well known and recent additions to the guests of honor to the home-coming are Mr. G. T. Glasgow, of Richmond, and his lovely daughters, Mrs. H. F. Houston, Mrs. Wilcox, and Miss Ellen Glasgow. Mrs. Clarke, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Josephine, and young son, Glasgow Clarke, will join the family later. A lovely, elderly woman who is receiving much attention is Mrs. Coleman Wortham, of Richmond, with her daughter, Mrs. Charles Wortham, a graceful and agreeable acquisition to the company.

Petersburg, Va., is represented by Mr. and Mrs. John McGill, annual visitors season after season. Mr. McGill is the bearer of one of the most distinguished names of the old Dominion, while Mrs. McGill is well known and beloved for her many admirable charms.

Two very agreeable and cultured women are the Misses Julia and Priscilla Ward, of Norfolk, who having traveled extensively in foreign lands, are most interesting and popular guests. Mrs. M. F. Reis, another social favorite of Norfolk, is here, accompanied by her popular young son, M. Forney Reis, the second, and tiny Mary Kensett Reis.

The following comprise more recent arrivals: Mr. Wm. A. Warren, of "Bacon's Castle," his picturesque old home on the James River, is accompanied by his daughter and granddaughter, Mrs. R. L. Powers and cunning little Sarah Powers, of Richmond. Also with Mr. Warren are his two granddaughters, Misses Sarah and Elizabeth Wilson, of Wilson's Landing, Va.

Mrs. F. H. Kendall, a prominent society leader and social entertainer, of the historic city of Columbia, S. C., is accompanied by her bright young son, Francis H. Kendall, the second. Mrs. Kendall is an attractive woman of varied personal charms, who has graced the company from every standpoint.

Among the popular guests at the Springs season after season are Col. and Mrs. Rudolph S. Turk, of Staunton, Va. The Colonel, a well-known lawyer, has a large practice in West Virginia, as well as in his own state. He is also prominent in journalistic circles and at his suburban home at Staunton he is very fond of indulging in his favorite pursuit—gardening. He is tall, fine looking, and has the most winning manners and conversation which endear him to all. His wife is a lovely woman and her presence is always a welcome addition to social circles at the Old White.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

GREENBRIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA, JULY 25, 1908

THE season is now on in earnest, and the guests at the Old White are enjoying the most incomparable weather. Owing to the intense heat in the cities, every incoming train adds its quota to the number who are arriving daily in order to take part in the home-coming and the many grand affairs arranged for its proper celebration. After all, the charm of the Old White is the certainty one has of each year meeting many of the same people, and one season here gives one the feeling of home-coming which has endeared the place to so many generations. Everybody desires to be on hand for the first annual Greenbrier Horse Show also; the entries are filling up rapidly, and the display on this momentous occasion promises to be one of wonderful triumphs. We are thrilled with enthusiasm by the bright red posters announcing that Gen. Watts, 2:06¾ champion three-year-old trotter, will go an exhibition mile, including twelve classes of harness and saddle horses.

Mrs. Sanford Kellogg, of Washington, widow of the late Col. Sanford Kellogg, of the navy, has joined our charmed circle. Mrs. Kellogg has very attractive manners and is a handsome, fascinating and original woman. She is devoted to the Old White and shows her devotion by returning every season.

Miss Fendall, of Washington City, an interesting and accomplished girl, is chaperoned at White Sulphur by Mr. and Mrs. Westmoreland Davis, of Leesburg, Va.

Chief of Staff Major General Franklin Bell, and Mrs. Bell, of Washington, are expected here August 1.

General Alshire, the quartermaster general from Washington, recently promoted to that position, is a guest at the Springs.

Inspector General E. A. Garlington is making the annual inspection of the West Point Academy and will join his family here next month.

Leesburg is spendidly represented by Mr. and Mrs. Westmoreland Davis, whose magnificent home, Morven Park, was formerly owned by Governor Swan, of Maryland, and is one of the show places in the State, and situated in the midst of a famous hunting country. Mr. Davis holds the envied office of a master of the hounds of the London Hunt Club. House parties are numerous; last Thanksgiving there were twenty-six guests in the home, and on Christmas twenty-five shared their hospitality. Among them was Clarence Moore, of Washington, master of hounds for nine years, and Mr. Hitchcock, of Boston, another famous hunter, who held the same office. Mr. and Mrs. Davis have recently returned from spending the season in London.

Year after year the hunting set of New York and Boston assemble at Morven Park for the annual meet, some of the guests riding to hounds, while others follow the gay cavalcade in carriages and join them at luncheon. In the evening handsome dinners and hunt balls are given, the

men dancing in their "pink" coats, the women wearing the most elaborate evening gowns and jewels. Mrs. Davis was a Miss Inman, of New York City, and is noted as a queen of hostesses, and is one of the most accomplished horsewomen in the States.

A striking attraction of the Springs this summer is the number of young girls, all in the first bloom of youth, and a veritable rosebud garden of girls. These charming young women go in for athletics, holding high carnival about the tennis courts and in the great pool of mineral water.

The most brilliant cotillion that has been given this summer was danced on Friday evening, delightfully led by Mr. and Mrs. John A. Thayer, of Charleston, W. Va.

Among the number of new figures that were introduced was the popular Barn Dance, that has so recently sprung into favor at the Old White. It will be an interesting feature in the Hunt Ball. Herr Carl B. Neumann, director of the Columbia Theatre orchestra, of Washington, is in charge of our music, and has arranged some beautiful programs.

A sprightly girl who received much flattering attention at the debutante german, as the cotillion was christened, was Miss Garlington, the young daughter of Inspector General Garlington, of Washington. Among the belles of the summer are the Misses Lemmon, neices of Col. Richard Dulany, welcome additions to the charming coterie.

From Athens, Ga., come the three Graces, as the Phinizy sisters have been called. Anne is a graceful brunette, whose handsome face is lighted by the brightest of dark Southern eyes. Bolling is a brunette with brown eyes and silken hair of the same hue; the dancing of this bewitching girl

is the very poetry of motion, while young Martha Suzanne bids fair to be as radiant as her handsome brunette mother.

Tall, handsome and charming, Miss Emma Gray White, of Richmond, is a superb type of the stately belles of the Old Dominion. Miss White is a graceful equestrian, and will ride her own mount in the coming Horse Show.

Miss Ellen Glasgow, the accomplished and brilliant authoress of Richmond, Va., attracts with her gentle virtues and loveliness.

Mrs. John Chisolmn, of New York City, a magnificent looking gentlewoman of noble mien, with glowing dark eyes, returned, as usual, for the season at White Sulphur.

Mrs. Chisolmn delights in the guardianship of her brilliant young nephew, Mr. Marion Whaley, who is enroute to New York from a summer sojourn at Hays Gold Mine, near Glenwood Springs, Colorado.

A distinguished representation from Covington, Va., Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lewis Parrish, after an absence of several months in Europe, are here now. The former is the prominent corporation lawyer of the C. & O. Railroad, whose lovely wife, nee Miss Gray Morehead, of New York, was a favorite belle at the Old White, and greatly admired for her many charms of manner, vivacity and brilliance of wit.

Among the many lovely women at the White, none are more popular and more admired than Mrs. Louis Storrow Greene, of Alexandria, Va., who, with her pretty blue-eyed boy, Julian Thompson, is spending the month's end at the White.

Mr. Hari P. Mitra, of Calcutta, India, a Cornell University student, is touring the country studying our natural resources. Mr. Mitra came to White Sulphur this week to investigate the United States Government Fisheries, which is one of the many points of interest in this locality.

Truly the wise men of the East or Old World may learn of great men of the new Western World.

There is something that appeals to all tastes at the "Old White." If you care for nature, there are red dawns and golden sunsets; billow on billow of purple mountains, clouldless moonlight nights and a scenery and climate that are ever changing and always glorious. It was here where the great men and lovely women of the South feasted, lived and loved in the golden time of old. Verily, there is nothing so enchanting as to take a little journey into the past with its great and lovely memories.

Major Thomas L. Broun, of Charleston, W. Va., and his lovely wife are enjoying the home-coming season.

Truly may it be said:

"You may break, ye may shatter, the vase as ye will
The scent of the rose will linger there still."

Major Broun, though shattered and broken by his presence and reminiscenses, sheds abroad the sweet, dead past of the Old South—the strange contrast of his first coming to White Sulphur in

1850, in the halcyon days before the war, when he drove in his coach with four-in-hand. Major Broun was a Confederate volunteer in the Kanawha Regiment of Charleston, W. Va., and in August, 1861, was promoted by General Wise to the rank of Major of his regiment.

Mrs. Edward D. Christian, of Richmond, a lovely and most lovable woman, arrived this week, accompanied by her debutante daughter, Miss Dorothy Christian, who is one of the most graceful dancers here and a regular pocket Venus of a girl.

From Richmond, that city of feminine loveliness, comes the elegant Mrs. Thomas P. Rutherford and her dainty blonde daughter, pretty Miss Gwendolyn.

An agreeable acquisition is tall, graceful Miss Mary Lyons, of Richmond, who is the guest of Miss Effie Branch, of the same city. A handsome matron from Richmond is Mrs. J. D. Simmons. She has beautiful, dark bright eyes, a graceful figure and dresses exquisitely. Her two sons, Walter and Reginald, are favorites with all here. Mrs. G. B. McAdams, of Richmond, is here with her piquant, brunette daughter, son, and daughter-in-law. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. McAdams are resting quietly in their cozy cottage in Baltimore Row. Among those who are not taking any part in the social gayeties are Mrs. Barton H. Grundy, of Richmond, and her bright, young daughter, darling Miriam. Others who have returned for the season and are resting quietly are: Mrs. J. W. Maddin, of Nashville, accompanied by her lovely daughter, Mrs. Louise M. Brown and her graceful, young granddaughter.

Another agreeable woman here is Mrs. Thomas Benton Neale, a Virginian, whose home is now

in Nashville, Tenn., accompanied by her charming daughter, Mrs. W. P. Rutland, and beautiful baby granddaughter Ellenora.

Mrs. W. H. Ross of Mobile, Ala., and her lovely daughter, Miss Eugenia Ross, and popular Mr. Frank Ross, have arrived, and are comfortably established in their cottage on the terraced Tansas Row. These delightful people are prominently identified with the "Old White" and have been annual guests here for a number of years.

Washingtonians have always had a great fondness for the Old White, and Mr. and Mrs. R. Ross Perry, of that city, have ever been popular visitors at the Springs. Mr. Perry is one of the most distinguished lawyers at the Washington bar. He is a cultured and agreeable gentleman, who has travelled extensively and speaks seven languages fluently. His wife is one of those sunny-tempered women who make friends wherever they go. Her grandfather came to Washington from Philadelphia in 1801 when the seat of Government was removed to that city and held a high position in its service. His home was one of the seven houses first built in Washington and his clever granddaughter was born under the roof of this ancestral home which is still standing.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry have a handsome residence of their own at the Capital and when they visit the Old White they always receive a warm Virginia welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Goldsboro have arrived and are taking an active part in the home-coming festivities. Mr. Goldsboro has attained fame and fortune as a prominent lawyer of Washington. Mrs. Goldsboro is an agreeable woman of most gracious and attractive manners.

Charming Mrs. R. Hunter Dulaney and her beautiful daughter, of Washington, are here for the season, aristocrat's "au bout des angles."

Mr. and Mrs. John Middleton, of New York City, occupy their picturesque villa in Virginia Row. The Middleton cottage is lavishly decorated both within and without and is year after year the center of a generous hospitality.

Mr. T. B. Yuille, of the city of New York, also is here for the home-coming, accompanied by his agreeable wife and four dainty blonde daughters, Ellen, Melissa, Burkes and Nancy, school girls as yet and very graceful dancers.

We have been shaking hands with ourselves this week over a bouquet tossed us by Mr. Logan C. Murray, President of the American National Bank of Louisville. He declared he had visited numerous resorts and had come in contact with many courteous, cultured people, but the society of the "Old White" eclipsed that of any other place.

Verily; as has been well said, "It is indeed a liberal education to spend one season at the White Sulphur Springs."

Florida Row

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

GREENBRIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA, JULY 31, 1908

WE are now preparing for our grand centennial celebration and home-coming week; and the Old White is rapidly filling up with guests from all over the country. So many and varied are the social affairs arranged for this week that invitations are being showered upon us daily. The round of gaieties will include elegant dinners, suppers, lawn fetes, tournaments, and luncheons al fresco, and then, oh! the Greenbrier Horse Show and Hunt Ball.

It is probable that the Hon. William H. Taft, the Republican nominee for President, will accept an invitation to be present during the week. Mr. and Mrs. Taft have many friends at the Springs and are prominent people, so it is intended to make their sojourn with us a red letter affair in their summer calendar, and something pleasant to look back upon after the close of the coming presidential campaign. Mrs. Rawlins Lowndes, of Charleston, S. C., arrived this week. Tall, handsome and graceful in bearing, Mrs. Lowndes has always been recognized as the social leader of society here, as she is at home. It would not be possible to find a more elegant grande dame. Her home in Charleston is a historical residence. Mr. Lowndes has lived there for three score and ten years and his father and grandfather dispensed a royal hospitality beneath its roof before him.

The large, stately rooms are filled with magnificent old mahogany furniture, almost priceless in value, and antique silver that was once the property of that famous Governor, Lowndes, who kept his State in the grand historic home in colonial days. This beautiful old home is on Bay Street, fronting the great bay on which Fort Sumter is situated. It is three stories in height and has three galleries along the side. Like most of the antique Southern homes of Charleston it is built on the street, and you enter by a door that opens from the wide gallery.

Capt. and Mrs. Robert E. Lee, with their young daughters, pretty Anne Carter, aged eleven, and graceful Mary Custis, eight years of age, are occupying their cottage in Baltimore Row. Capt. Lee is the youngest son of General Robert E. Lee and bears the name the whole nation loves and venerates. He and his wife are valuable acquisitions to social circles at the Springs.

Miss Mary Lee daughter of the popular Idol of the South, is traveling in Europe this year; her absence makes a great gap in our joyous home-coming feasts.

Mrs. Frances Fearn, born in Louisville, Ky., and widow of the late Hon. Walker Fearn, Minister to Roumania, Servia and Greece, paid us a flying visit this month and will return to the Old White in August to deliver her lecture, "A Message of Love to the Blind." Mrs. Fearn is a lovely and highly gifted woman, a personal friend of Queen Carmen Sylva, of Roumania, whose message of good cheer to the sightless she has been commissioned to deliver personally throughout the country. Mrs. Fearn is both beautiful and brilliant, fascinating in manners and conversation, and

will be doubly welcome coming as she does as the spokeswoman and representative of that gracious personality, Queen Carmen Sylva.

"Meet me at the Meadows," is the cry at present, "The Meadows" being the magnificent stock farm of that popular gentleman, Mr. Thornton Lewis, of Cincinnati, and the scene of the forthcoming Greenbrier County Horse Show, which will be held there August 7 and 8. Mr. Lewis has had a fine mile track laid out, a grandstand built, and provided every convenience for the patrons and exhibitors of the show, which promises to be one of the swell events of the season. Mr. Lewis and family reside in a handsome colonial home near the Springs and entertain royally and often, both at White Sulphur and under their own roof and rafters. Their two children, Alice, aged fourteen, and Lawrence, aged twelve, have their choice of numberless ponies and carts, and there are fully sixty-five blooded horses on the farm. Dashing red posters and postal cards advertising the show have been sent out, and we are now getting out our best becomes, in readiness for the jolly occasion.

One of the brilliant affairs arranged for the home-coming season will be a Hunt Ball to be given at the springs on the evening of August 7 by the men guests of the Old White. A number of grand affairs are on the tapis for the entire month. A magnificent bal poudre Century Ball will be given by the ladies complimentary to the men who entertain so lavishly during the entire season.

A delightful couple now here are Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wellington Cobb, of New York City, with their daughter and young son. Mr. and Mrs. Cobb are North Carolinians by birth, coming

originally from Greensboro. Mrs. Cobb is one of the most beautiful women at the springs, with glorious soft brown eyes and an exquisite face. Mr. Cobb is a man in the very prime of life, tall, fine looking and very courtly in his manners. Their lovely daughter was one of the young girls who danced in the cotillion this week.

From Charleston, S. C., come Mr. and Mrs. John Calhoun Simonds, accompanied by their young daughter, Elizabeth, and their bright boy, John Calhoun Simonds, the second. Mrs. Simonds is a tall, graceful brunette, her beautifully appointed modern home is on East Battery, Charleston, and commands a magnificent view of the bay and old Fort Sumter.

Mr. and Mrs. McEwen Johnston, of Macon, Ga., are here accompanied by their beautiful daughter, Miss Viola Johnston. These aristocratic Southerners received an ovation upon their arrival, after an absence of four years.

An attractive representative of the society of the Windy City is Mrs. George Evans Davis, who is accompanied by Mrs. George Van Hagen, of Cincinnati. These charming ladies are sisters of Mrs. Thornton Lewis, of the Queen City. Mrs. Davis is an accomplished whip and will drive her horses tandem in the forthcoming Horse Show.

Among the arrivals this week was Mrs. Andrew Bradley, of Washington, born Julia Kellogg. Mrs. Bradley was a belle at the "Old White" during her girlhood and was given a Whilte Sulphur welcome on her arrival. Mrs. Isham Hornsby, of Washington City, who has not visited White Sulphur for several seasons past, is with us once more and is a social favorite; her bright, dark eyes, silvery

hair, and stately bearing give her a picturesque appearance. Mrs. Hornsby is a daughter of the late Judge Jere Black. Her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Evans, of the army, arrived this week and will remain for the season.

Mr. Eugene Herman Tricon, paymaster of the army, and Mrs. Tricon, are here this summer. Mrs. Tricon is a brunette, very charming, and both she and her husband are taking an active part in the social gaieties.

Among the interesting guests we are attracted by a few ladies who do not take part in gaieties, yet who win unrivalled admiration. A beautiful bunch of white roses, as it were, women in the golden autumn time of life. No guest is better known nor more appreciated than Mrs. George E. Bagby, of Richmond, Va., who shows her devotion to the Old White by returning every season. Norfolk is represented by Mrs. Benjamin C. Gray, a woman coming of the most distinguished ancestry, and gifted with most gracious manners. Mrs. Gray was a debutante and belle at White Sulphur in 1844. Mrs. Edward C. Robinson, of Richmond, is one of the handsomest women at the White. She wears her silvery hair like a Duchess, while her elegant manners attract all.

Another popular elderly guest is Mrs. W. W. Bruce, of Lexington, Ky., distinguished for her brilliancy of wit and ready humor.

Among the prominent habitues of the Springs, are Col. John P. Branch and his lovely daughter, of Richmond. Miss Branch and her father are popular representatives of the high-bred, generous hospitality of the South. Col. Branch has been a visitor here fifty-five seasons, and is delightful to know, besides being a liberal, progressive man.

One of the happiest families here, and one that seems to thoroughly enjoy cottage life, are Mrs. J. W. Reinhart, of Plainfield, N. J., and her interesting daughter and granddaughters, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Thayer, of Charleston, W. Va., and dainty Mary Elizabeth and petité Josephine.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Ellett, of Richmond have arrived. Mr. Ellett first visited the "Old White" in 1867. Mrs. Ellett is a woman of cordial and gracious manners, a favorite with all.

Baltimore will be well represented this season and the colony already numbers many visitors.

Mrs. H. S. Lumpkin and her sister, Mrs. M. E. Sindall, are here again accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. James Clarke and their daughter, lovely Miss Suzanne Clark. Mr. Clark is a prominent banker of Baltimore and has acquired wealth and distinction.

Mrs. Warren Elliott, of Baltimore, who has not been here for several seasons, is with us this year. Miss Bessie Elliott, her brilliant daughter, has received much flattering attention, while her son, Mr. Charles Elliott, is one of the most graceful dancers at the Springs. Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Helm, of New York City, and their pretty, brunette daughter, aged thirteen, are here for the home-coming. Mrs. Helm was a Baltimore belle, her mother, Mrs. W. T. Brantly, a famous beauty of Georgia. Mr. Helm is a member of the big Tobacco Trust of New York. He is a North Carolinian by birth, and a genial, popular gentleman. Mr. Wm. Fell Johnson, of Rockland, Md., after a visit of some length at the Old White, much to the regret of his friends, has returned home.

Monday afternoon Mrs. Henrietta Campbell Lay and Miss Anne Campbell, of Baltimore, gave

a picturesque Lawn Fete to which general invitations were issued, while the guests of honor were Capt. and Mrs. Robert E. Lee. The attendance was large and the very names of the hostesses a sufficient guarantee of a delightful time for one and all.

At this beautiful fete champetre a wit remarked, speaking of the brilliancy of the guests, that though they had no tea, it was evident they had an abundance of reparte, and that of the sparkling variety.

Other well known and recent arrivals: Mr. and Mrs. J. Adger Smythe, of Charleston, S. C. Mr. Smythe has occupied prominent positions of eminence and distinction in his famed city, while Mrs. Smythe is possessed of rare accomplishments and reminds one of Paul Hamilton Hayne's Charleston and its beautiful women.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

GREENBRIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA, AUGUST 8, 1908

EVERYTHING and everybody here is en fete. Once the center of the country's fashionable life, the Old White, whose history teems with triumphs of all the great American belles and chivalrous beaux, presents, during these weeks, a scene of animation reminiscent of its past glories.

This week guests arrived daily and hourly, and it seemed like a genuine, old-fashioned home-coming indeed, when the newcomers were received with open arms and little shouts of joy by old friends of past seasons. Our days are literally congested with amusements; polo aquatic parties, bridge, which devotees cling to as tenaciously as did Horatio of old, tennis tournaments, elegant dinners, series of suppers, the Horse Show and the grand Hunt Ball, all demonstrate that White Sulphur has a horse on all other resorts. One hears nothing but horse talk now, coaching parties are all the rage, and the springs brake, or, "our brake," as we call it, is painted a dashing red and drawn by four spanking bays.

One of the social features of the week was the gay coaching party given by Mr. and Mrs. John Middleton, of New York, who were driven to the old Sweet Springs, and returned by the light of the moon.

That most delightful lecturer and social favorite, Burr McIntosh, gave a charming talk here Monday evening, taking for his subject Secretary Taft's visit to the Orient, and after listening to him and enjoying the wonderful display of interesting pictures, we are now en rapport with everything connected with the triumphal swing around the circle of our Presidential candidate and guest.

Mrs. John D. Potts, of Richmond, gave a tennis tournament to the young people, which lasted several days and was hotly contested. The prize was a silver loving cup.

Thursday morning, Mrs. Louis W. Haskell, of New York, gave a large and brilliant bridge party for men and women in the drawing room, the guests of honor being Mrs. Langdon Cheves and Mrs. A. Thesmar, of Savannah. The decorations, tally cards, prizes and menu were lovely, and the affair a most enjoyable one. The game called for twelve tables, and one dozen handsome prizes were awarded.

So many entertainments are on the cards, so to speak, for the month, that engagements are being made two weeks ahead, and the pleasure-seekers will have no rest until the gay season comes to an end.

An elegant dinner was given here Friday evening by Dr. and Mrs. T. M. Chatard, of Washington. The floral decorations were beautiful and the menu a gem. The Chatards are delightful people, who come annually to the springs, and always entertain most agreeably.

Secretary and Mrs. Taft were with us Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, and nothing was neglected to make their visit a regular ovation.

Mrs. Worthington, of Louisville, Ky., born Minnie Osborn, is here with her dainty niece, Miss Emily Bland, a petite blonde beauty, who is numbered among the belles, and who comes of the famous Bland family of Petersburg, Va.

Mrs. Worthington is the widow of the distinguished army surgeon, and a niece of the late Isham Henderson, of Louisville.

But the ball, the ball! Blessed be the merry spirits who set the ball a-rolling. On this memorable evening the ball-room suggested a great forest ablaze with light and color, and filled with music. The woods were stripped to furnish the cedar which hung from the walls, the chandeliers and the elevated stand, sacred to the musicians; ropes, garlands, screens of beautiful green loaded the air with balsamic odors. Immense rosettes of blue, yellow, crimson and white were used to fasten the ropes of evergreens to the chandeliers, and in the center of each there was suspended a large silver horse shoe. Two life-size papier mache horses represented in the act of jumping hurdles, ornamented the musicians' stand, and these were ridden by gentlemen in hunting coats of pink. Those who took part in the grand march into the ball-room, assembled in the drawing room and then following our distinguished guests, Mr. and Mrs. Taft, marched the length of the long gallery.

The cotillion was led by Mr. and Mrs. John A Thayer, of Charlestown, W. Va. Mr. Thayer carried the American flag while Mrs. Thayer was standardbearer of the colors of the Confederacy.

Many couples bearing the National and Confederate flags marched behind them, and the music chosen for the lead was the inspiring strains of "Dixie." All the figures introduced were suggestive of the Horse Show. Men in pink coats driven by merry maidens who jumped miniature hurdles. There were five-in-hand of men with pretty women in gorgeous ball gowns holding the reins, and four-in-hand of bright-eyed, silken-haired beauties showing their paces while the gentlemen handled the ribbons. The favors were horse shoes for luck, whips, jockey caps, saddles, and all sorts of dainty and beautiful souvenirs suggestive of the first gentlemen of the land, for the time being, at least.

The centennial of the Old White and that of Johann Strauss, the waltz king, are both this summer, and Director Carl L. Neumann, honored the memory of the composer by arranging a program of his waltzes for the big ball. The beautiful Blue Danube was the star feature, and the meeting of old friends in old haunts has revived the fondness for the lovely dance music of other days. The waltz belongs to the Germans and Austrians, and since the time when the soldiers of Napoleon introduced it into Paris, musicians have vied with one another in composing their most exquisite strains for this dance, but few have equaled and none excelled the great Viennese.

The Greenbrier County Horse Show which concluded the week-end festivities, attracted hundreds of inland lovers of the sport, with Bar Harbor and Newport horse shows yet to come.

While blue ribbons and silver cups held a conspicuous place on the program for the week, the Old White four hundred were in full swing. So splendid an affair as the Horse Show will be a great

drawing card, and the name of Thornton Lewis, its sponsor, will be heralded by fame all over the country.

The Horse Show and Hunt Ball, graced by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Taft and thousands of guests, passed off in a blaze of glory. Never was there a more magnificent display of beauty, grace and elaborate toilets, the women appearing like so mony gorgeous flowers. A number of Kentucky thoroughbreds were entered in the show, and when the prizes had been awarded, and the famous ball came off, Mr. and Mrs. Taft not only took part in the grand march with its long line of lovely women and courtly men, but they also danced, thereby adding to the general satisfaction of the crowd which had assembled to do them honor. Twenty-five very handsome cups were awarded at the show, the Springs Company being foremost in the number of its awards, while the Watts Cup was the largest and most valuable prize that was offered.

Among the arrivals who have spent the month of August here time out of mind are Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Pettet, of Louisville.

Mr. Pettet is a prominent and successful business man of that city, while Mrs. Pettet is one of the most popular matrons, admired for her vivacity and gracious ways, and with her prematurely silvered locks and handsome bearing, make a very distingue and attractive woman at White Sulphur.

Rev. Arthur N. Coles, of Philadelphia, is with us once more for his annual August vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian T. Burke, of Alexandria, Va., have also been with us, and their pretty sixteen year old daughter, Miss Esther Burke, was a member of the party.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Semple, of St. Louis, have returned for their summer sojourn at the White. Miss Emerine Semple spent the month of July with a camping party in the East and will join her parents in August for the home-coming festivities.

Miss Mary Elvira Cook and her brother, Mr. Henry Carleton Cook, of Columbus, Ga., annual visitors to the Old White for many years, arrived here August 1 and have taken part in the home-coming festivities.

Miss Cook is the only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James C. Cook, her father having been a man of culture and means, while her mother was accounted one of the most brilliant women of her day. Mr. Cook was a frequent visitor at the White Sulphur up to the time of his death; and it was his custom to come here in ante-bellum days in his own carriage escorted by trained family servants.

Miss Cook is a dignified and lovely woman, she has brilliant dark eyes, black hair and a fair yet rose complexion. Her manners are those of the typical Southern woman, sweet, gracious and perfectly unaffected.

The affection existing between Miss Cook and her brother, Mr. Henry Carlton Cook, is most beautiful. They are constantly together and Mr. Cook is a brilliant raconteur and has a readiness of repartee which makes his conversation a source of delight to one and all. This week Mr. and Miss Cook had for their guest the Rev. J. S. McElroy, of Columbus, Ga., whose ancestors were among the famous McElroys of Kentucky. Dr. McElroy is a clergyman of the Presbyterian

Church, a very eloquent devine, in the prime of life. It was regretted that he could only remain with us for the brief space of three or four days.

The Misses Charlotte and Rose Briscoe, of Knoxville, Tenn., superb beauties, two buds upon one stem as it were, are here, chaperoned by their aunt, Mrs. Tully R. Cornick, a gracious, elegant woman. The Misses Briscoe have received any amount of attention, and will carry away many hearts enslaved by their charms.

Foremost among the entertainers this season has been Mr. Walter H. Henderson, of New York City. He is a handsome, agreeable beau, and has been the host of numberless breakfasts, luncheons, Tally-ho parties, dinners, dances and suppers. This is his seventh consecutive season at the "Old White," and he is bon garcon with all the belles and beaux.

The Governor of Virginia and Mrs. Swanson are great social favorites. Mrs. Swanson is admired for her magnificent presence, and is always gowned with taste and elegance. Mrs. Warren J. Flick, of New York City, takes her place among the distingue and handsome women of the Springs. Mrs. Julian S. Ogden, widow of a distinguished naval officer, is here from Washington. Mrs. Ogden is a handsome and gracious woman. Mrs. Elijah Bohon, of Louisville, a dignified and lovable woman, is enjoying a visit to the White, where she has made many friends.

So brilliant is the list that it seems almost impossible to chronicle all the charming women who come to the Old White. Conspicuous among them however is Miss Octavia Bates, of Baltimore, one of the progressive and distinguished women of America. Miss Bates is a member of that

famous organization, The International Council of Women, and enjoyed the distinction of reading a paper before that body at the meeting held in London in 1899. She was a delegate from the Maryland Line Chapter of the D. A. R. April, 1909, and read a most forceful paper before the different congresses of women at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago.

It would be difficult to find a more popular woman or one more unspoiled by the honors thus lavished upon her.

The Lone Star State has always been brilliantly represented at the Springs, one of its most agreeable women being Mrs. S. B. Jones, who with her lovely daughter and handsome son, have but recently returned from Paris, France. Miss Irma Jones wears the most chic gowns like a veritable Parisian, and was one of the twenty-four beautiful women who danced in the Minuet at the Home-Coming Ball. Her brother is a popular beau, always in demand and a general favorite.

Mrs. Enders, of Richmond, Va., who arrived this week, is a handsome brunette—a widow, who was also a belle of the Springs. An agreeable woman is Mrs. Chas. Stokes, of Richmond, who is a blonde beauty, and is accompanied by her pretty daughter, Miss Aline Stokes, who was one of the belles at the ball.

From Richmond comes Miss Page Royall, a glowing brunette beauty, who was present at the horse show and a belle at the ball.

"The four winds blow in renowned guests from every port."

There has rarely been seen a larger assemblage at White Sulphur Springs of distinguished

families known for their achievements in the battlefield, independent of their old blue blood, for their fame as bishops, jurists, Governors and makers of the laws which now govern our country. There seems to be an unusual collection of deseendants of legal lights.

Dr. and Mrs. Holt are regular visitors here from Surry. The doctor is one of the best known men in the State, and has a wide acquaintance. Mrs. Holt is one of the most popular visitors here.

The music is quite a feature of the Springs, and the fine band morning and afternoon concerts delight music lovers. Professor Carl Neumann is excelling himself this summer, and the Sunday evening concerts given in the Hotel salon are largely attended and splendid programs are played, while the cornet soloist, Guy G. Gaugler, and Mr. Henry Jaeger, the flute soloist, are gifted artists and great favorites with the guests.

SUNDAY EVENING CONCERT.

CARL L. NEUMAN, *Director*

PROGRAM

1 March—NIBELUNGEN ..... *Wagner*
2 Overture—MARTHA ..... *Flotow*
3 Selection—CARMEN ..... *Bizet*
4 Sextette from LUCIA..... *Donizetti*
5 Excerpts from the PRIMA DONNA..... *Herbert*
6 AVE MARIA ..... *Gounod*
7 Song of HARRY LAUDER.....
8 Flower Song—HEARTS and FLOWERS..... *Tobani*
9 Selection—RIGOLETTO ..... *Verdi*

DOXOLOGY.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

GREENBRIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA, AUGUST 15, 1908

THOUGH our political lights may be fled, yet our garlands are not dead, nor our banquet halls deserted. On the contrary, so little cessation has there been in the gayeties that the beautiful cedar decorations and the handsome flags draped over the ball-room walls have been left intact.

It is needless to say anything of the visit of Secretary and Mrs. Taft. Life for them, while here, was one glittering horizon of smiles, handshakes, feasts and good wishes. One Louisville woman, who takes a personal pride in the Old White, remarked to Mr. Taft that she hoped his would soon be the name of another President of the United States who had honored White Sulphur by his presence; whereupon the genial candidate smiled approvingly.

The Hon. and Mrs. Jos. H. Gaines, of Charleston, W. Va., gave a splendid dinner, with Mr. and Mrs. Taft guests of honor. The table, which was set in the form of a hollow square, was something to dream about. The inner space was decorated most artistically with ferns and American Beauty roses; around the outer edge were trailing vines and green leaves, starred here and there with white carnations and clusters of pink roses and carnations. The guests assembled in the recep-

tion room before proceeding to the table, and here each lady was presented with a tremendous bunch of American Beauty roses, almost as big, if not as radiant as herself.

Sunday morning a large congregation assembled in the consecrated church, wherein our summer visitors unite in worship, and a very eloquent sermon was preached by the scholarly divine, Bishop Peterkin, of West Virginia.

In the evening the large drawing room here was filled with a magnificent audience, the occasion being the regular sacred concert given there. The program had been most carefully arranged by Director Carl Neumann. The instrumental sections were interspersed with vocal solos. Mrs. H. Clay Browning, of Washington, and other guests sang with artistic effect. Mrs. Browning, who was formerly a regular visitor to the Springs, returned after an absence of several seasons in order to take part in the home-coming celebrations. She is a lovable woman, tall, and possessed of a superb stage presence.

Monday morning a large party of merry young girls and men gave a tally-ho drive to Sweet Chalybeate Springs. The appearance of the gay party in stylish costumes with bright colored sun shades was very picturesque indeed. In the party was that sparkling young matron, Mrs. Andrew Bradley, of Washington, who chaperoned the following: Misses Phinizy, Potts, Christian, Garlington, and Randolph, and Messrs. McGreery, Pipes, Garlington, Cobb and Browning.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Thayer, of Charleston, W. Va., gave an elegant supper in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Taft on Sunday evening. The floral decorations were beautiful and the menu excellent.

MUSICAL CONCERT.

MADAME GUDE MRS. BROWNING MISS TYSON

MRS. DUKE MINISTER GUDE

AND THE COLUMBIA ORCHESTRA, CARL L. NEUMANN, *Director.*

PROGRAM

1 March—FLAG OF VICTORY.....*F. V. Boln*
2 Overture—WILLIAM TELL ..... *Rossini*
3 Baritone Solo—a JESUS DE NAZARETH .....
b VOGLEIN WOHIN SO SCHNELL .....*Kieruff*

MINISTER GUDE

4 Violin Solo—a PREGHIERA..... *Schubert*
b MAZURKA ..... *Wieniawsky*

MADAME GUDE

5 Soprano Solo—ANGELS SERENADE..... *Braga*

MRS. BROWNING (Violin Obligato my Madame Gude)

6 Idyl—THE GLOW-WORM ..... *Lincke*
7 Piano Solo—KAMENNOI-OSTROW ..... *Rubenstein*

MISS TYSON

8 Selection—LOHENGRIN ..... *Wagner*
9 Violin Solo—ROMANCE ..... *Svendsen*

MRS. DUKE

10 Soprano Solo—VIEUXTEMPS ..... *Stern*

MRS. BROWNING

DOXOLOGY.

Mr. Burr McIntosh, the delightful lecturer, was with us again this week. Mr. McIntosh invited about eighteen friends to an informal supper in the cafe, entertaining them there later with a number of wonderful sleight-of-hand feats, in which he is very skilled. The guest of honor at the supper was that most agreeable woman, Mrs. W. A. Wells, of Washington.

A delightful bowling party was given by Dr. Nellie V. Mark, of Baltimore, on Tuesday evening, at the Casino. This was highly enjoyed, and at the close of the game Dr. Mark invited her friends to a perfect little champagne supper in the cafe. The guests included Mesdames Kendall, Dugas, Tower, Davies, Minch and Miss McDowell.

Dr. Mark is a fine type of the professional woman, having attained an enviable position. She resides in her handsome home in Baltimore, which is artistically fitted up with offices, and everything strictly up to date.

Mrs. J. Rauers, of Savannah, Ga., gave a beautifully appointed card party, in honor of Mrs. Thesmar and Mrs. Gordon Harrison, of the same city, on Wednesday evening. The guests were prominent people, the prizes numerous and very handsome and the whole entertainment characterized by the beauty, grace and charm for which this resort is noted. The playing throughout the game was spirited, and the brilliant affair will long be remembered by those who participated in its pleasures. After the game an elegant course supper with champagne was served in the drawing room.

The century ball, given on Friday evening, to celebrate the one hundredth season of the Old White, called together a magnificent assemblage of beautiful women and handsome men, many gor-

geous toilets were worn, while the jewels and laces were reflective of the history and romance of the old families of the South, in which they have been heirlooms. The decorations of the ball room were the subject of much admiring comment.

Saturday that queen of hostesses, Mrs. Rawlins Lowndes, of Charleston, S. C., entertained at breakfast in honor of Mrs. W. C. Malone, of her city. It was a real White Sulphur affair to which the beautiful weather and delightful mountain air lent a peculiar zest. Other guests present included Mesdames Haskell, Rauers, Brawley, Gude, Simonds, Read, Thesmas, Phinizy, Johnston, Reis, Wilson, Enders, Williams, Reese, Gorter, Davis, Chatard, Mrs. John and Mrs. Thomas Middleton, Miss Ross, Miss Aubin McDowell and Miss Aline Stokes.

Major Charles Stringfellow and Miss Stringfellow, annual guests from Richmond, have taken an active part in the Home-Coming festivities.

Every August finds that elegant woman, Mrs. W. T. Harris, of Danville, Va., a guest at the Springs and always warmly welcomed by her host of friends. Mrs. Harris is a North Carolinian by birth and a sister of a former belle of the Old White, lovely Miss Gray Morehead.

Her husband is one of the leading lawyers in the state and her two sons are bright, handsome young fellows who have been graduated from the old University of Virginia with the highest honors. The elder will practice law in Chicago but the younger son has not yet determined upon a profession. Mrs. Harris is a representative society woman, very fond of social life, and a gracious and admirable personality.

A popular guest with us all is Mrs. Dugas, of Augusta, Ga., a stylish brunette who possesses the most exquisite taste in her dress and entertains her friends with dainty litle suppers in the cafe.

Miss Aline Prochaske, of New Orleans, is a slender, petite blonde, just as dainty as a flower. She wears the Frenchiest toilettes, one a lovely creation worn at the Bal Pondre, where she was one of eight beautiful girls who danced the minuet of twenty-four women—roses, half-bloom buds and dainty buds, the latter being eight Greenbrier lasses of sweet sixteen. The minuet or White Sulphur Riley was a most beautiful affair.

Mrs. James A. Ware, of New Orleans and White Castle, La., is one of the social favorites from the Crescent City. Her sixth great grandfather, Cline Irvine, was a collector of the King's Rents in the Western Isles. He married Princess Beatrix, the eldest daughter of Malcolm the Second, and he was the father of Duncan I, who was King of Scotland.

Mr. Thomas Patterson, the landscape gardener, has shown fine taste in his treatment of the place, and the guests are indebted to him for the roses, lilies and other beautiful blossoms. The cottages and grounds are brilliant with blooming plants, adding greatly to the beauty of the Springs.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

GREENBRIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA, AUGUST 22, 1908

THE annual game of baseball between the office force and the culinary department of the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs Hotel took place August 20th before a large and enthusiastic crowd.

Green had his spitter under control and also led in stick work, securing three singles and two doubles out of five times up.

Milovich's curves would not break for him and the clerks hammered him from the box in the fifth, and Cabbel fared little better; the Clerks securing thirteen runs off his delivery during his advent on the rubber.

Chef Ratto allowed his 250 lbs. of avoirdupois to throw him during fast field work and he required the assistance of his team-mates to again put him in proper playing position.

Wriggins, who was at the receiving end, instead of on the firing line his usual position, caught a brilliant game, notwithstanding he was suffering with a severe case of Charlie-hoss.

Brooks covered third in a masterly manner, accepting several difficult chances without an error.

Skiff, the bartender, showed that he was more used to handling Wilson high balls than base-balls by endeavoring to knock out a homer with his head.

The score:

Cooks.

	AB	H	O	A	E
Chef Ratto, r f	4	1	0	0	1
Pfaff, 1 b	4	0	9	0	2
Cabbell, ss and p	4	1	2	4	3
T. Dickson, c	4	1	6	3	0
Bradley, 2 b	3	0	3	2	0
Enig, c f	3	1	1	0	3
Milovich, p and ss	3	1	0	2	2
Allen, l f	2	0	0	0	2
C. Dickson, 3 b	3	1	3	1	4
	30	6	24	12	17

Clerks.

	AB	H	O	A	E
Tressel, 1 b	5	2	9	0	1
Wriggins, c	5	4	12	1	0
Brooks, 3 b	5	3	3	0	0
Green, p	5	5	1	4	0
Skiff, 2 b	5	2	1	2	1
Steel, r f	4	1	0	0	0
Bobbitt, c f	4	2	1	0	1
Moore, ss	3	2	0	6	1
Burdett, l f	3	0	0	0	1
	39	21	27	13	4

Cooks	1	0	4	1	0	1	1	3	0	0—11
Clerks	1	3	2	3	0	4	0	9	x	x—22

Runs—Ratto, Pfaff, 2; Cabbell, 2; T. Dickson, 2; Bradley, 2; Milovich, Enig, Tressel, 3; Wriggins, 4; Brooks, 3; Green, 5; Skiff, 2; Moore, 2, Bobbitt, 2; Burdett. Three-base hits—Dickson, Brooks. Two-base hits—Green, 2; Wriggins, Bobbitt, C. Dickson. Sacrifice hit—Steel. Struck out—By Green, 8; by Milovich, 2; Cabbell, 2. First base on balls—Off Green 2, Milovich 1, Cabbell 1. Double plays—Green to Brooks. Hit by pitcher—Ratto. Umpire—Mr. Hoyberger. Time of game, 2 hours 30 minutes.

The thrifty and progressive little town of Dry Creek is adjacent to the Old White and its citizens have made themselves very agreeable and obliging to the shoppers from the Springs. This town adjoins the White Sulphur estate and is quite up-to-date, having an imposing bank built of brick, several comfortable hotels, a large school house, and stores where merchandise of every description is sold. Mr. Hines, who is President of the bank, was one of the gentlemen who received with President Taft on the morning of the reception tendered him at the Springs. Mr. Dickson has a fine dry goods emporium while Mr. S. B. Woodson also has a large store and conducts one in summer within the grounds of the Old White. He is one of the leading merchants of the place and all these gentlemen are deservedly prosperous.

The Ladies' Fancy Work Bazaar or Woman's Exchange at the Springs is one of the features of the place. It has been conducted for the past fifteen years by Miss Alice Blair, of Richmond, Va. a very lovable woman who has endeared herself to all with whom she comes in contact. Our visits to the Exchange are made doubly pleasant by the fact that we have so popular a woman as Miss Blair to attend to our wants.

An interesting event of the past week was the convention of one hundred prominent railroad officials—a meeting together of the agents and representatives of the Kanawha Dispatch and Blue Ridge Dispatch, fast freight lines. Mr. Thornton Lewis is the general manager of the Kanawha, and Mr. R. H. Vaughan is general manager of the Blue Ridge Dispatch.

This notable gathering is held annually, and has for the past three years met at White Sulphur

Springs, as it is the most central point for those located in the principal cities of the East and West.

The representatives of the lines convened in the spacious parlors of the hotel, at which meeting business for the closing year was discussed. Both lines made admirable showing, and there was general rejoicing when the figures were divulged, showing great increase of earnings as compared with the previous year.

On the evening of the second day General Manager Thornton Lewis was the host of a brilliant entertainment.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

GREENBRIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA, AUGUST 29, 1908

THIS has indeed been a banner season at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. This earthly paradise, set among the everlasting hills, never looked lovelier than now, and the "Old White," as she has been affectionately called, celebrated her centennial year in grand fashion.

This week was a gala one in the annals of the springs and county, August 26th having been the anniversary of the memorable battle of Dry Creek, fought between the Federals and Confeder-

ates, near the village of White Sulphur, in the year 1863. The sturdy veterans assembled at the "Gillespie House" and other hotels and private homes, and a royal good time was enjoyed by all, shouldering the crutch and telling old tales of pa t encounters, and recalling the stirring times when the "boys in gray" and the "boys in blue" were not so friendly as they are now. The battle of Dry Creek was decided in favor of the Confederates, and the commanding officers were General Averill, United States Army, and Colonel Patton, of Virginia.

The Southerners owe their victory to a man and a horse—the former, William McClintic, who discovered the presence of the enemy and spurred on to warn the Confederates; the latter, the horse of the famous "Blue Slipper" strain, which bore him to his goal and saved the day for the South.

The closing of the centennial season at the Old White is marked by a rush of brilliant events. There is no cessasion in the gaieties, and the social ball is kept rolling day and night.

The crowning feature of the week, however, was the children's fancy ball, so magnificently arranged by Prof. C. Victor Zebley, of Washington and Baltimore, who trained the participants in the grand march and opening dances. This march was most gracefully led by Miss Clarice Leavell and Master Jack Wilson, which concluded with the Victorine, the dutchess, the butterfly, round dances, and the popular Barn Dance.

A most brilliant spectacle was the May pole danced by eight of the older girls and eight young misses.

A beautiful solo danced by little Miss Elizabeth Taylor was very pleasing and attractive.

A lovely scarf dance was given, beginning with a tableau of dancers, who finally retired as Miss Kathryn Scales, the soloist, came forward and caught the eye and fancy of the audience.

Some of the prettiest of the many pretty impersonations were the four New York sisters, Butterfly, Ellen Yuille; Daisy, Melissa; Snowball, Burks; Dutch Girl, Nancy.

Anne Lee, Buttercup; Mary Lee, Bo Peep; Theresa Hall, Queen of the Fairies; Dorothy Bruce, Mary Reese and Elizabeth Taylor, Fairies; Nelly Phinizy and Clarice Leavell, Japanese girls, lovely impersonations whose costumes were imported from the land of cherry blossoms; Philippa Bruce, Frou-Frou; Forney Reese, French Marquis; Glasgow Clarke, Indian; Eva Helm, a sparkling brunette, made a lovely Pocahontas, who was much admired; Ethel Cabel, Goddess of Liberty; Katherine Cabell, Night; Dorothy Cabell, Forget-me-not; Reaux Jones, Shepherdess; Abbie Chapman, Blue Bell; Mary Tyler Duffy, Red Riding Hood; Elizabeth Duffy, Mistress Mary; Miriam Grundy, Morning Glory; Martha Wilson, Folly; Eleanor Byrne, Daisy; Jack Wall, John Chinaman; Helen Marts, French Maid; Alice Lewis, French Maid; Florence Hanck, Spanish Dancing Girl; Sophie Maars, Daisy; Helen Maars, Pink Rose; Mary Botton, Princess Flavia; James Bolton, Highlander; Dorothy Hublein, Queen Elizabeth; James Boswell, Cupid; Elizabeth Simonds, Queen of Hearts; John Simonds, Knave of Hearts; King Stone, l'Incroyable; James Stagg, Court Jester; Elizabeth Stagg, Pink Rose; Blackburn Hal, Devil, while Jack Potts, as a Sailor, gave the Sailor's Hornpipe as a solo with much dash and grace; Jack Wilson, a Colonial Gentleman, in costume of

The girls and boys as they appeared in their various costumes at the annual Children's Carnival, held at White Sulphur Springs

pink velvet coat, with white satin trousers, buckles, lace ruffles, and all the glory of a beau of old; Josephine Thayer, Little Miss Muffet; Mary Elizabeth Thayer, a Yellow Butterfly.

The ball room presented a beautiful sight with Colonial dames and cavaliers intermingling with Mother Goose and fairy land representatives.

Refreshments were served the young merry-makers, and the affair was voted the most popular and brilliant of all the cotillions given at the Old White this season.

White Sulphur has the distinction of being the oldest resort in America, and this season will be a memorable one.

The prophecy of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner just after the war between the States that "Historic Old White Sulphur will hold its own in spite of competition," has been verified, and while Southern aristocracy is the controlling force here, as in the long ago days, the informality of life attracts numbers of distinguished visitors.

The North, East and West are always well represented, yet the old habitues form a separate and select society of their own.

The roster of delightful people is a lengthy one this summer, when the hotel register outnumbers any since 1900. Never were there more gallant cavaliers in attendance on queen beauty. The social ball was kept rolling day and night.

Bridge and euchre, luncheons, breakfasts and teas, cotillions, concerts, tennis, tally-ho picnics, riding and driving parties, and hay rides for the merry children.

Monday a brilliant bridge-whist party of twelve tables was given, the hostess being Mrs. L. W. Haskell, of New York, and the guest of honor, Mrs. J. Rauers, of Savannah. The prizes were elegant, and a delightful luncheon with champagne and punch was served.

Mrs. J. G. Wilson, of Norfolk, gave a farewell euchre party Tuesday morning. First prize, a sterling silver picture frame, was won by Mrs. Wall; second, a dainty spangled gauze fan, by Mrs. Donaldson; third, a set of exquisite gold beauty pins, by Miss Barnett, while Mrs. Ellett was consoled with a unique brass ornament.

The season here is drawing to a close, though many guests linger, as this is the most beautiful time of the year. The people have been enjoying the cool, crisp days so inductive to outdoor life.

Mrs. John McGill entertained delightfully this week at her picturesque cottage. The floral decorations were a striking feature. Growing plants ornamented the cozy rooms and airy veranda, while the low tables scattered about were decorated with blossoming flowers, dahlias, scarlet, white and rose, tawny nasturtiums and delicately tinted roses. Every delicacy of the season was served, with rich old fruit cake made at her home in Petersburg, Va.

Many of the guests now in this paradise of the social gods and goddesses, White Sulphur, are royally hospitable, and their friends are enjoying a number of small farewell fetes, so to speak, given either in the hotel proper or at their picturesque cottages, embowered amid vines and flowers, and scattered over the vast grounds about the Springs.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

GREENBRIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WEST VIRGINIA, SEPTEMBER 7, 1908

VISITORS at White Sulphur find it particularly enjoyable during these soft golden days of the early autumn. The outside world of hurrying pleasure seekers may well envy the habitues of this long summer home, the grandeur of the mountains, the sweet peace of the woods, the beauty of the drives, the restful ease of the heart-to-heart talks, the comfort of kindly hospitality, and the tender remembrance of those special friendships formed at the never-to-be-forgotten White Sulphur Springs, enshrined in the heart as a halo like bright constellations set in the heavens.

The weather has been delightful, the days bright and pleasant, with cloudless nights. A scenery and climate that are ever changing and always glorious, the air like wine and redolent with the sweet scents of the woods. There have been several horseback parties for exploring the mysteries of the surrounding mountains.

One by one our gracious friends are leaving us with the first chill of the air—some returning to their Northern pines, some to the Southern palms, some to the red woods of California, and others to the Eastern coasts, where the Statue of Liberty fronts the gates of morning.

All have promised to return next summer, and as we waive them adieu the lines of the old song falter on the lips:

"Farewell—farewell is a mournful word,
And often brings a sigh;
But give to me that sweet old word
That comes from the heart—good-bye."

The home-coming celebration has wound up in a blaze of glory and it served to bring together all the old habitues of White Sulphur, new friends and old. It cemented the ties formed in past years and established new and tender ones for the future. May the glory of the Old White never wane, but like the living waters springing from the emerald sod, may it shine on as fresh and exhaustless and as inspiring for all times to come.

Perhaps no other spot on earth has heard more of rapier wit and sparkling repartee than the fountain at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, where for a century has met the wit and brain of a cultured race. I can only say in closing—

HERE'S to the Old White. May she ever be as she has been and is now, the Mecca of the South, drawing all to her as the moon draws the sea. Lovely as the sweet vale of Avoca in whose bosom the blue waters meet, and where had Ponce de Leon stayed his weary feet in his quest for the fountain of immortal youth, he would have looked upon her healing stream in ecstasy and exclaimed "Eureka! I have found it."

Map of Grounds

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